

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance

Original Poetry.

Wide Awake.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

'Wide Awake' the artist called it,—
'Tis a very pretty picture,
Of a little girl just awakened,
And just risen from her bed;
With a hundred curls a-tumble,
And her dimpled hands among them,
Drawing out their silken softness
Through her fingers, shred by shred.
Shine, her eyes like stars of morning,
In their gentleness upon me;
And her lips, in rosebud freshness,
Part with just the softest smile;
And her full round cheeks are telling
Of childhood, health, and gladness,
And the dawn of early womanhood
Is flushing them the while.

This, you tell me, darling Laura,
Was a present, and the giver
Said the face of little 'Wide Awake'
Reminded him of you,
With her cheeks so round and rosy,
Her hundred curls a-tumble,
Her smile of angel sweetness,
And her eyes of tender blue.
Now, it hangs here in my chamber,
And, at morn when I awaken,
That face is, next to yours, love,
The sweetest thing I see;
And 'tis sweet to think, my sister,
From your wanderings in dream land
You can come back in your happiness
As radiant as she.

'Ah! 'tis easy to awaken
From those dreamings of our slumber,
That leave us as we toss our curls,
And open wide our eyes;
But, God pity those who waken
From the dreams their hearts have woven,
When Hope's sun was shining on them,
Like the dawn of Paradise!
Then the cheeks may lose their fulness,
And the eyes their starry lustre;
From the hands the dimples vanish,
And a shadow gloom the lips:—
Never come such bitter waking
Unto Laura's Eden-dreaming;
Be her 'Wide Awake' of gladness
Darkened by no grief-clipse!

JOHNSTOWN, PA., June 4, 1861.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

The following eloquent Revolutionary Sermon, preached on the 10th of September, 1777, on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jacob Prout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne, and others of the Continental army, was recently discovered among the old papers of Major John Jacob Schoefinger, an officer of the Revolution. It should be perused by every lover of patriotism.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

"They who take the Sword, shall perish by the Sword."
Soldiers and Fellow-Countrymen:
We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the dismay of the retreat—like we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights; the sunlight tomorrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant that it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight; the heights of the Brandywine rise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of tomorrow.

"They who take the Sword, shall perish by the Sword."
And have they not taken the sword?—Let the desolate plain—the blood-soddened valley—the burned farm house, blackening in the sun—the sacked village, and ravaged town, answer—let the starving

mother with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no nourishment, let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer.

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here; fraud and woe and misery and want dwelt not among us.—From the eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amidst the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change. Under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They through our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the beautiful plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They who take the Sword, shall perish by the Sword."
Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you the doom of the British is near. Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud which now enshrouds us, I see, gathering thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine retribution.

They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come.

Ay, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space—if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children and upon his people. Great God! how great the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns, where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all the forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; crime and want linked hand in hand and tempting men to deeds of woe and death: these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers! I look around on your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you your unworthy Minister will march with you—invoking God's aid in the fight? We will all march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your home-steads, and for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton—I might picture his gray hairs daubed in blood—I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shemirel, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged; the lonely farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers, as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the terrible colors of the vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all is darkness, lit by the cannon's glare and the piercing musket's flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers; that God is with you.

The eternal God fights for you—He rides on the battle cloud—He sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the awful and the Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They who take the Sword shall perish by the Sword."
You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, "Be of good cheer," for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight to-morrow—God rest the souls

of the fallen? Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow; and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley—the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the Continental host the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that mark the era of battle.

When we meet again, the long shadows of twilight will be flung over a peaceful land.

God in Heaven grant it!
Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.
Great Father we bow before thee. We invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath; we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in time of trouble, oh, Lord! and sore beset by foes, merciless and untyping; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends. Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the men of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless we beseech with renewed life and strength, our hope, George Washington. Shower thy counsels on the honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our hosts; comfort the soldier for his wounds and afflictions; nerve him for the fight; prepare him for the hour of death. And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of hosts, do Thou be our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with desires of revenge, yet, let us, Oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spare us, in the hour of butchery and bloodshed. And in the hour of death do Thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto Thee, through Christ our Redeemer. *God prosper our cause.*—Amen.

The North and the South.

To the Editor of The Alleghanian:

In the struggle which is now going on between the united North and that portion of the South who are in armed rebellion against the Government, it is important to examine into the resources of the respective sections. We of the free States possess the undisputed power. We possess every possible advantage. We have the Right to strengthen us; we have the means—money, men, intelligence and determination; and we have the courage, the indomitable and unconquerable will, which, when fully aroused, as it now is, can never be extinguished until Treason is forever banished from this fair land of Freedom.

No power on earth is capable of subduing the defenders of the Union, and we have only to continue our patriotic design to achieve an easy and immediate conquest of the enemies of the Federal Union. Let us, however, exercise some leniency towards our enemies. As Napoleon has said, "No commanding general shall condemn his enemy with contempt. The enemy, your enemy, the enemy of your cause, shall ever be regarded as a lion until he is conquered. When he is defeated, you may regard him as you will; if he is entitled to mercy, extend it to him, and thus let him feel his miserable dependence."

The States of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, to say nothing of the East and great Northwest, can raise a larger army than the united South; but notwithstanding this, let their army not be regarded contemptuously until they are conquered—until the iron heel of our freemen has crushed them out. We desire and will have Peace, but it shall never be accepted except on such terms as we dictate. All that we ask, desire or hope for is a steady and determined support of the Government. The freemen of the North have said that this support will be rendered.—The day of retribution is at hand when Traitors shall surely meet their doom.

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold it up. After completing his work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole!

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

How Sumter Was Provisioned.

The traitor Floyd took great pains to put the United States fort in Charleston harbor into the hands of the South Carolinians, without expense of men or money. For this purpose he refused the constant entreaties of Col. Gardner, the officer in command of Fort Moultrie, for troops.—Just at the time the danger was becoming imminent, he sent, instead of soldiers for defence, a body of laborers, who, under the direction of an engineer, were ordered to repair the fort in such a way and at such a time as to render the fort defenseless against the Seceders. These laborers were to be fed from the supplies at the fort. This made it necessary to purchase provisions in Charleston from week to week, so that in the event of a siege the garrison would be starved out in a few days. By desperate efforts the repairs were finished in such a way that the forty-five men in the fort could make some defence, but being dependent on Charleston for food, the South Carolinians and Floyd well knew that the fort was completely in their power whenever they should see fit to cut off the supplies from the city.

In this dilemma, Col. Gardner practiced the piece of strategy which finally enabled Anderson to hold the fort and make his defence. Col. G. wrote to an old friend, the Chief of the Commissary Department, to send him provisions for one hundred men for six months, at the same time significantly hinting to him that he could obey this requisition in the ordinary discretionary routine of his duty, without consulting with the Secretary of War.—He added also the further request that the transport should be ordered to land her cargo at Fort Moultrie immediately on her arrival in the harbor, and before she should go to Charleston. The patriotic commissary officer, Col. Taylor, the brother of the late President Taylor, understood the hint conveyed, and the reason for it, and took the responsibility of acting on Col. Gardner's requisition. The provisions were thus safely landed at Fort Moultrie, the traitorous Secretary being not a whit wiser for the operation. These were the provisions which, gradually carried over to Fort Sumter in the engineers' boats, supported Major Anderson and his gallant command during the memorable siege. Floyd, not knowing the ruse which had been played upon him by Col. Gardner, expected every day that hunger would do the business for the little garrison, which he had intended to hand over bound hand and foot to the enemy.

While these matters were going on, Floyd sent down a young officer to look after the carrying out of his plans, and to represent to Col. G., by various indirect processes, the Secretary's idea of an officer's duty in command at Fort Moultrie. Col. Gardner had reported to the Secretary that though he had but one man for each gun, he was determined to defend the place to the utmost against whatever force may be sent against it. Floyd's spy found Col. Gardner's men at work night and day, adding to the defenses of the place. He found even the brick quarters within the fort loopholed for a stand with musketry, in case of an escalade by a sudden rush of a large number of men.—All this was evidently directly the opposite of the Secretary's policy, as was represented in various indirect ways by the officer whom he had sent. He was shown all the preparations for a desperate defense which Col. Gardner had made, and was told that they would be used against any force which should march from Charleston, as soon as they came within range of the guns. He was, moreover, requested to tell the Secretary all that he had seen and heard. The consequence was that the commandant, disposed to do his duty *too well*, was suspended, and an officer of Kentucky birth, who had married in Georgia, was put in command.

From Major Anderson's birth and connections, Floyd evidently supposed that he had obtained a pliant tool for his purposes. A few days' observation convinced Major Anderson that he had been sent there to sacrifice his honor, and that he could save it only by carrying out the desperate measures of defence already begun by Col. Gardner. The retreat to Fort Sumter, its repair, its siege, and bombardment, were the natural sequel.—All these events, so important already in history, turned upon the ruse by which Col. Gardner's requisition for provisions was met by Col. Taylor and kept a secret from Floyd. This is a scrap of history worth remembering, and we may add that it is given on the best authority.

A writer says that "life may be merry as well as useful." Every person that owns a mouth has a good opening for a laugh.

Subscribe for THE ALLEGHANIAN.

Beautiful Women.

Every woman has a right to be beautiful; that is the secret of her power, her mission, the key that unlocks her destiny. But while she has a right to be beautiful, she has no right to be its opposite—that is an injustice to society, which has a right to exact from her its loveliness, its grace, and its attraction. There are many different kinds of beauty, and it is a great mistake to imagine that it consists wholly, or even mainly, of color, form or texture. There is the beauty of innocence and the beauty of childhood and the beauty of womanhood, the beauty of wisdom and the beauty of simplicity. The lowest kind of beauty is of merely physical perfection and splendor, which receives no aid from voice, look, or expression, but is marred by the action of the mind upon its fair and smooth surface; just as the mud is stirred in a shallow pool by any slight circumstance that touches its depths.

The ideals of the ancient poets are all beautiful, but their characteristics are distinct and separate, so that there is no flat and wearisome sameness; and the beauty of form with which they are endowed is simply the vehicle or expression of the mental idea they wish to convey. Thus, the serene matron, the brilliant coquette, the imperious queen, the delicate maiden, the timid young wife, and the thoughtful nurse, have all an individuality of their own, to which their outward appearance is the visible sign or index. Their dress should naturally correspond to those mental and physical indications, so as to preserve a sense of musical harmony and fitness throughout the entire structure.

There is nothing that disenchant so soon as the discovery of folly, ignorance, stupidity, bad temper or vile passions beneath a fair and seductive form. The possession of any fine and noble qualities, on the contrary, illuminates the plainest features and dulls complexion much better than scores of costly powders and cosmetics. Women who desire to be beautiful make a great mistake in trying to increase their attractions, or to make themselves charming, after any other person's pattern. What is adapted to one style would destroy the effect of another; and for every woman to adopt an arbitrary mode or standard of dress is fatal to the aggregate of feminine beauty, whose great charm is variety.

It is natural to love admiration, power, and influence, and almost all women may not only obtain these, but retain them, by being themselves in the very highest and most perfect sense of which they are capable; instead of a weak, diluted imitation of somebody else. When freshness of youth and girlhood has departed, let them be succeeded, naturally, by the matured grace of womanhood, and these by the dignity of middle age. The affectation of pretty coquetries and juvenile simplicity by shallow specimens of ancient spinster-hood—or, worse, by women who bear the name of wife and motherhood—not only outrage all true ideas of taste and propriety, but deprive those who indulge in them of their natural claims of attention and consideration. When all women are natural and true, then they will all be beautiful.

SOLDIERS, LOOK TO YOUR GUNS.—The 14th Regiment during the interval from the time they were accepted to service, until their departure, were admirably and indefatigably drilled. One of the sentinels on duty, noticed one of his officers approach.

"Who goes there?"
"A friend."
"Advance, friend, and give the counter-sign."
The word was given; but the officer said, "Is that the way you hold your gun? Give it to me and let me show you how it should be held."

The recruit innocently handed over the "instrument," when a corporal was called and the soldier consigned to the Guard House. The lesson intended to be conveyed, and which will possibly not be forgotten, is never, under any circumstances, to part with your gun while on guard.

FONTELLE'S GALLANTRY.—At the age of ninety-seven, Fontelle, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvatus, passed before her to his place at the table. "See," said Madame Helvatus, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."

"Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

Benefit your friends that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies that they may become your friends.